VINES IN HOMES.

Peanut Plants Make a Pretty Ornament for the Boudoir.

Few persons are, perhaps, aware, that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant, growing singly in a six or eight-inch pot and grown indoors during the colder months. Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove a peanut kernel planted in a pot of lose mellow loam, kept only moderately moist, will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant. It is in a similar way that the peanut planters test their seeds every year, beginning even early in the winter, and the facility with which the seeds will grow in this way has suggested to many southern flower lovers the possibility of making the useful plant an ornamental plant for the parlor or sitting room window. As the plant increases in size and extends its branches over the sides of the pot in a pendant maner, there are few plants of more intrinsic beauty. The curious habit of the compound leaves of closing together like the leaves of a book on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall on them, is one of the most interesting habits of plant life. And then, later on, for the peanut is no ephemeral wonder, enduring for a day or two only, the appearance of the tiny yellow flowers and putting forth of the peduncles on which the nuts grow imparts to this floral rarity a striking and unique charm all its own. There is nothing else like it, and florists throughout the country might well add the peanut plant to their list of novel and rare things.—Washington Star.

CATHERINE WAITE, ESQ.

Colorado Woman Lawyer Who Is Her Husband's Partner.

Mrs. Catherine V. Waite, aged 71, is about to form a law partnership in Denver, Colo., with her husband, former Judge Charles B. Waite. The firm will be C. B. & C. V. Waite, and friends will be disappointed if the aged couple do not make some of the hustling western firms do their best to maintain the pace. Mrs. Waite, who is now in Chicago, has lived in Chicago at various times since 1865, and her home is at present with her daughter, Mrs. Lucy Waite, 98 Loomis street. She has been a lifelong friend of Susan B. Anthony, and is one of the most remarkable women of the west. Having lived in many states of the union, Mrs. Waite is going to Colorado because she believes it has the only atmosphere congenial to women of business ability and who desire a voice in the administration of public affairs. The versatility of this energetic woman is shown by the fact that she has been a farmer, a teacher, a lecturer, an author, a merchant, a contractor and a manager of large moneyed interests, and has attained eminent success in each of these callings.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

FADETH NOT AWAY.

Touching Description of Last Sleep of Aged Professor.

The old professor sat listening with a half smile while his class explained certain facts in metaphysics. The brain, they said, retained longest the first impressions made upon it. Memories of middle life faded out, while those of childhood remained vivid and clear. Dying persons had been known to speak in a language which they had learned in childhood and forgotten during a long life time. When the class was dismissed, one of the young men, as usual, lingered to walk across the campus with the professor. The class had noticed that the old man was a little more deaf this winter, a little duller of sight, a little more gentle. They contrived that he should not cross the icy spaces without some one to assist him. "All that is true, Bob," he said, thinking of the recitation and talking half to himself. "Quite true, and very strange. You learn in childhood a language, simple enough, having to do with the foundation of things, God and heaven and you, yourself. Then you get out into the world and forget it. You learn difficult languages—philosophy or trade or politics; loud, strident kinds of talk that move the world, and you do your share of talking as loudly as you can. But presently these things begin to fade out of your mind. They seem less weighty; they count for little. The old language that you learned on your mother's knee comes back, and you find yourself speaking it in. These later languages are n; that is your own tongue." "It is nge, sir," said Bob, with a bewil- face. He brought the professor s own door, and bade him good- ht. The old man lingered, looking h a wistf ' amile at the great quad- le that the shadow buildings in h languages and philosophy and nces were taught. "I have indeed ne back to the beginning," he said. hese things seem to mean so little, d I think so often of the first line at I ever learned:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep!'"

Sweden.

In cold and cheerless weather a great concourse of working people gathered on a hill in the outskirts of Stockholm and listened to their orators, adopted resolutions and finally adjourned in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. A speaker who attracted not a little attention was a Norwegian woman named Mrs. Anna Sterky. Between the speeches songs were sung, and but for the weather a pleasant time was spent. About 16,000 persons took part in the meeting, and everything was conducted in the most orderly manner. Meetings also took place in Upsala, Orebro, Ekilstima, Malmo and Norrkoping.—Charles Sanders, in Chicago Record.

Curbed a Nuisance.

Prof. Tait of Edinburgh, after having subdued a lady pianist who annoyed him by taking to bagpipes, was troubled by an amateur elocutionist in the house. One day, the story goes, when the house was filled with oratory, a volley of explosions came from Tait's room, followed by smoke and unearthly 's. The lessons in oratory were suspended and everyone in the house collected to find out what the trouble was. Tait, with unmoved countenance, said to the landlord: "As there seems to be no restraint on the nature of studies pursued in these lodgings, I have begun a series of experiments in high explosives, from which I expect to draw much advantage." The elocution ceased.

One of the most energetic of the bishops of the Methodist church is Joseph C. Hartzell, whose jurisdiction lies in Africa. Since his election to the episcopate in May, 1896, Bishop Hartzell has visited all parts of the continent of Africa, traveling nearly 50,000 miles on railroads, steamships, by hammock, on bullocks, by horse and on foot. He has not only investigated the work of the missions over which he has ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but he has carefully studied all the great political and social questions that have to do with the future of the dark continent.

No statesman of England or Europe, or even of Africa itself, is better informed in regard to Africa than is he, for he has read all the standard books by accepted authorities, has consulted with governors, explorers, merchants, miners and all other classes of men, from the highest to the lowest, who make up the controlling population and by personal observation has learned much that could not otherwise have been known.

In the future of Africa, Bishop Hartzell will in all probability be an important factor. On that continent, as in other parts of the world, the Christian missionaries, among whom have been Robert Moffatt, David Livingstone, Alexander Mackay, Bishop Hannington and others well known, have exerted a powerful civilizing and educating influence and they will continue to do so in the future upon the 150,000,000 of savage natives. But they will also influence very largely the white millions who will before many years populate the southern portion of the continent, and divide it into great republics, free from European oppression.

Bishop Hartzell was a distinguished man before he became bishop for Africa, for which he was prepared by his previous life-work. He was born near Moline, Ill., fifty-six years ago.

In young manhood Bishop Hartzell entered Garrett Biblical institute at Evanston, Ill., as a student, to prepare for the ministry. As a boy he had become an expert swimmer, and Lake Michigan furnished him a fine opportunity for the enjoyment of his favorite sport. One day the report spread through Evanston that a vessel had been wrecked off South Evanston and that many lives were in peril. Young Hartzell, with many others, went to the scene. There he found that nothing was being done to rescue those in peril and no one seemed to be able to do anything, for the waves were too tempestuous for a boat to ride them. Hartzell saw that only one thing was to be done. He partly stripped, tied a rope around his waist, plunged into the waves and by heroic efforts saved four lives. His heroism was appropriately recognized when in a mass meeting of citizens he received a memento which he prizes to this day as one of his most precious possessions. Two years ago one of the men whom he saved introduced himself to the bishop in Chicago. They had not met since the day of the wreck.

Soon after graduating, Mr. Hartzell succeeded Dr. John P. Newman (later bishop), in 1870, as pastor of the M. E. church in New Orleans. Early in his work in New Orleans Mr. Hartzell started at his own expense the Southwestern Christian Advocate. This paper was a power in reconstruction days and a great educator to the negroes just emerging from slavery. After some years the paper was turned over to the church and is now published by the Methodist Book Concern.

Mr. Hartzell's interest in the education of the negro soon attracted attention and he was elected a member of the New Orleans School board.

Scotch Highlanders Have Money.

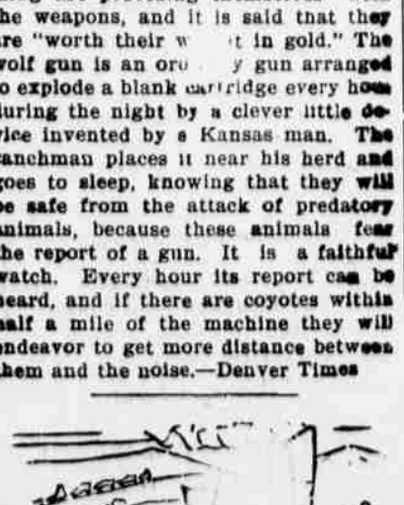
There is more money in circulation in the Scotch highlands now than ever there was and for that the crofters have to thank the millionaire proprietor and sportsman. The advent of the millionaire desirous of acquiring pleasure grounds gave the old proprietors their golden opportunity and many of them sold out. Then came the time of speculation as to the attitude of the newcomers toward the native population. Pessimists predicted all sorts of harsh treatment on the part of the landlords. But the millionaires, as a rule, proved to be of quite another kind. They set themselves to the improvement of their estates, employing local labor whenever possible; did what they could to establish local industries of a permanent character; made roads; improved ground; built houses; planted trees and spent money lavishly all the while, not only keeping the tenants in their old homes, but providing the work which brought them a better livelihood than they had every enjoyed before.—Chicago News.

The Ascent of Great Ararat.

The Great and Little Ararat are the two peaks of the Ararat mountains in Armenia. They are situated about seven miles apart and are respectively 17,260 and 14,320 feet above the plain. They are partially in three countries—Russia, Turkey and Persia. Snow, ice and glaciers perpetually cover their tops and their ascent is described as being extremely difficult. Prof. Parrot reached the summit of Great Ararat in 1829, and on September 2, 1900, a member of the Russian Geographical Society, named Peoggenpohl, is reported to have made the ascent with a considerable party. The mountain is of volcanic origin. It was in eruption 1785 and again in 1840, when vast quantities of sulphurous vapors were discharged from its sides, while a violent earthquake shook the surrounding country. The ark is supposed to have rested on this mountain, or, according to tradition, Mount Judith, in Southern Armenia, was the place where the ark really rested.

VERSATILE RAILROAD MAN.

A versatile railroad man is Sir William C. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific railway. Sir William's job as executive head of the Canadian Pacific has never been a sinecure; when he began service with the road his task was almost superhuman, inasmuch as he financed the financing of the company and the overcoming of the physical problems incident to the operation of a line through a mountainous region, where snow and ice were common much of the year. Sir William carved out his own fortune. His father died when he was 13 and left him to support his mother. He secured a place in the railroad yards, and by steady application to his work and hard study gradually rose to his



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.
present high position. He has great ability and can well be classed with America's greatest railroad men.

FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Gun That Scares Wolves by Shooting Every Hour.

The wolf gun was considered such a foolish device that the United States government for a long time refused to issue a patent for it. Now it is in operation, and is saving thousands of head of cattle, sheep, and swine. Dozens of ranchmen in Colorado and Wyoming are providing themselves with the weapons, and it is said that they are "worth their weight in gold." The wolf gun is an ordinary gun arranged to explode a blank cartridge every hour during the night by a clever little device invented by a Kansas man. The ranchman places it near his herd and goes to sleep, knowing that they will be safe from the attack of predatory animals, because these animals fear the report of a gun. It is a faithful watch. Every hour its report can be heard, and if there are coyotes within half a mile of the machine they will endeavor to get more distance between them and the noise.—Denver Times

No More Botany Bay.

As there is an inevitable propensity throughout the English-speaking world to associate the name Botany Bay with convictism, a movement has recently been started in Australia which has for its object the abolition of that name and the substitution of Banks' Bay instead. The Sydney Sunday Times suggests that the change be effected before the new century, that the new commonwealth may start under the best and brightest condition without the taint on its fair fame now suggested by the name of Botany Banks.

DR. HARPER'S EXPERIMENT.

In Onion There Is Strength for University President.

President Harper of the University of Chicago has entered upon a most interesting experiment in food. He has given the odoriferous onion the leading place on his daily bill of fare. His physician having advised him that onions are omnipotent in the elimination of lime from the human system, the worthy Prex is applying himself with great zeal to the consumption of the most fragrant of all the fruits of the earth. The students of the university, as an evidence of sympathy and to some extent perhaps as a matter of self-defense, have nearly all become disciples of the onion cult. The university's daily menu has thus become a pleasing and pungent panorama of onions—onions fried and fricasseed, baked and boiled onions, onion fritters, pies and tartlets. The New York World, commenting on this Chicago University experiment, says that if there is any truth in the theory that the liliaceous vegetable is a specific against lime, the faculty and students of the Chicago University will soon be a thoroughly limeless body of men. And if the old proverb, "In onion there is strength," holds good, that institution will soon take rank—of the rank- kind, too—as one of our strongest seats of learning.—Illinois State Register

A Mad Prophetess in Spain.

In Algaiba, Murcia, Spain, a young prophetess, a peasant of 24, Teresa Guillen, who took to prophecy and preaching several months ago, after stirring up many disorderly pilgrimages, was looked upon as a religious maniac. Recently she was allowed to return home, and once more crowds began to assemble, spellbound by the impassioned ecstacy of her harangue. One day she was preaching before a large concourse of people when five gendarmes arrived to arrest her. The ignorant persons, worked upon by the wild appeals of the sibyl, attacked the police with fury, and in the fight four of the gendarmes were mortally wounded, while sixteen persons in the crowd were seriously hurt. Among the killed were the woman's father and brother.—New York Press

OLIVE CULTIVATION.

Slim Outlook for Olives and Oil in France.

While the cultivation of the olive is increasing in this country, Mr. Skinner, United States consul at Marseilles, writes to the state department that the acreage devoted to olives in France is annually becoming less and the outlook for olives and olive oil in France is not at all encouraging. Even in that home of the olive, peanut or arachis oil, extracted from the African ground nuts, which are imported in vast quantities, is considered superior for frying purposes. Not only is the oil used to adulterate olive oil, but is frequently used in place of it in packing the cheap brands of sardines. The gastronomic merits of the rich, ripe black olives, which until lately could only be obtained in this country by special importation from Spain and Turkey, are at last finding recognition here, and men awaken to the fact that the olive, like every other fruit, is at its best when it reaches perfection in its own way and in nature's own good time. Once eaten, the hard, salt, wooden fibered green olive is banished forever. Green olives are a matter of cultivated taste. Ripe olives need no training to charm the palate. The pickled ripe olives put up in the missions in California are sold loose in bulk. They are cheap; they are delicious. Once tasted, a dinner without them is flat, stale, and unprofitable.—Boston Courier.

Hops Grow Wild in English Counties.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the hop, although only cultivated in a few districts in a few English counties, yet grows freely in a wild condition in very many places. It is a perennial, flowering in July and August, and to be found in hedges and thickets. The plant is only cultivated, for instance, in the northeastern portions of Hampshire, and about Petersfield, and even there it does not cover 7,000 acres in all. It grows and flourishes, however, in a wild state all over the county, including the Isle of Wight.—London Express.

INDIAN FOR[illegible]NANE.

QUANAH PARKER SEEKS A HIGH OFFICE.

He Is Half Boy Educated, a Millionaire, the Ally of the White man, and the Progressive, Peaceful Chief of the Comanches.

An Indian chieftain aspires to a seat in the United States senate. This is not strange, for other Indian chiefs have had the same laudable ambition, but in this particular instance the aspiration might yet be realized. The aspirant is a power among the tribes of the Indian Territory and is famed for his achievements in the civil walks of life in the great southwest. He is strenuously working to form a confederation of the tribes of the Indian Territory in the hopes that statehood for the territory will then be easily secured and his election as United States senator would be almost sure to follow. He is a man of wonderful energy and executive ability and success has always attended him in his undertakings. Those who know him will not be surprised if he reaches the goal of his ambitions—a seat in the United States senate. Quanah Parker is the name of this remarkable Indian. He is the head chief of the Comanches and their all-powerful leader. He has always been the ally of the white man and by his peaceful, yet powerful, leadership has brought his tribe from poverty to agricultural affluence and to a well-ordered social state. He is an accomplished scholar and linguist, a trained athlete, an expert horseman and a millionaire. He is the owner of thousands of acres of well-tilled farm lands and lives in a magnificent mansion. To the great Richelieu there was no such word as "fail" and to Quanah Parker there is no such word as "impossible." He has banished this word from the Comanche language. When told that it seemed impossible that he should ever become a member of the United State senate, he said: "It is my wish. It will be fulfilled. The word 'impossible' is not in the language of the Comanche." Those who know him do not doubt him, for they recall the many remarkable things that he has already done.

Quanah Parker inherits his peaceful disposition and his love of the white man from his mother, who was a white woman. His grandfather, the great Comanche chief, Quanah, when on the war path at the head of 2,000 of his braves attacked old Fort Parker on the Texas frontier and massacred all the men, boys and women, sparing only the young girls. These were carried away as squaws and slaves. Among the number was Cynthia Ann Parker, a beautiful 9-year-old child. The old chief was so struck with her beauty and intelligence that he determined that she was a white chief's child and resolved that she should still be the child of a chief. He adopted her and placed her in the care of his squaws. He surrounded her with all the comforts and luxuries that he could provide. She became used to the ways of the Indians, learned to love them and was happy with them. She grew to be a beautiful woman and then old Quanah gave her in marriage to his son and successor, Peta Nacona. Their first child was a boy and they named him Quanah Parker, after his grandfather and his mother, and it is he who is the subject of this article. He learned the ways of the Indians from his companions and his mother taught him many of the gentle lessons that white children learn. He was a remarkably strong and intelligent boy and his tribe looked upon him as giving promise of becoming as great a hero as his grandfather. He was passionately fond of his mother, and all the wild instincts of the Indian race was subserved to her will. Her fate was the tragedy of his life.

Butterflies 600 Miles from Land.

Butterflies have often been met far out at sea and the fragile things will hover about a ship for days. A scientist recently saw a butterfly, the monarch, commonly known as milkweed butterfly, 600 miles from land. It played about the ship for a time and then disappeared. When asked if he thought it would reach land the scientist replied that he started out expecting to and he thought probably the butterfly had the same intention.